

FILM FUN

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J U L Y

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined



- GOOD-BY MABEL -

Sea Fighters and Buccaneers

DO you know them—these sea fighters and naval adventurers?—men of initiative, of force, of splendid courage—men who in her hour of dire peril so gloriously responded to their country's call when she most needed men of action? Do you know how Southey, the great English poet, came to write the Life of Lord Nelson? Did you know that this is one of the greatest biographies in the language? Read this wonderful life of England's greatest naval hero, and the lives of John Paul Jones and Perry and the exploits of Drake, Cavendish and the other

"Fearless knights of the first renown,
In Elizabeth's great array."

Turn yourself loose on these thrilling narratives. They will fan that spark of militant manhood which a generation of soft living may have nearly extinguished.



And those heavy villains in the great drama of the colonization of the Western World—what sad sea dogs were those adventurers and buccaneers! How they hated the Don! How they loved to singe his black whiskers! With what glee they chased him up and down the Spanish Main and looted his treasure ships! But it was not all fighting and blood-letting, for we read:

"And the negro maids to Avè from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea."

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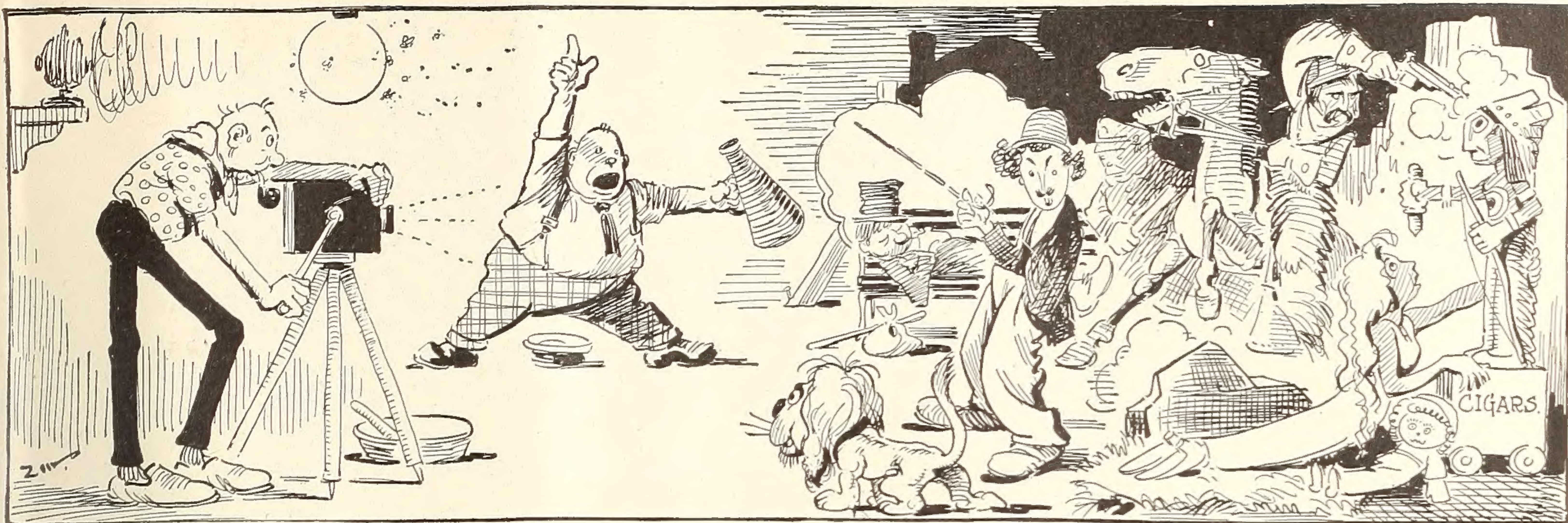
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E D I T O R I A L S

The Trick of Laughter

TO TEACH the trick of laughter might seem a trivial thing. Not long ago a soldier in England was restored the gift of speech by the sight of a screamingly funny comedy in a motion picture show. Tears could not do it. Philosophy had not done it. Medical science had failed. But laughter turned the trick.

A short time since a woman, deep in a grief that was eating her life away, was persuaded to drop in at a motion picture show. A chance bit of comedy drew the first smile to her lips that had been there in months. She was soon laughing heartily and went home to a better outlook on her future.

Laughter filled its mission there.

Not long since there died a humble Jewish humorist. His funeral was attended by twenty thousand people who had laughed with him at the stories he had written for them. They called him the Jewish Mark Twain. He had not much money, but he had the trick of laughter—he taught his readers the value of a laugh.

At a motion picture play one night, when things were dragging a bit because of an audience of an avowedly higher culture than the average—a bit too high to appreciate humor that was never subtle—a child's laugh rang out clear and loud at a bit of clever comedy action. The child did not know what humor was. But he liked the action and he expressed his appreciation in the only way he knew—he laughed.

Everybody turned to search out the source of the laughter. Everybody laughed in sympathy. And as the picture unrolled, and that clear, hearty little childish treble rang out in laughter again and again, the audience laughed, too. They were seeing the picture through the eyes of the little child, and they found it amusing.

It is a wonderful thing to enlist in MOVEMENTS and to engineer CAMPAIGNS and to orate for CAUSES.

But to have the trick of laughter—to know when and how to wield it—is most wonderful of all.

Wholesome Fun as a Mental Stimulus

A SERIOUS man, who is addicted to strictly scientific pursuits, walked out of a motion picture theater one afternoon and bumped into a questioning friend. He admitted immediately that he was a picture fan.

“My mind becomes tangled up sometimes, and I like to look at a good, virile, funny picture to clear away the cobwebs,” he said. “Wholesome fun is a wonderful mental purifier.”

The friend acknowledged that he was a picture fan himself, and they planned an evening together amid the joys of the motion pictures.

The day was when these two men laughed at the motion pictures. They have informed themselves, and now they laugh with the pictures.



The Women's Clubs

THE WOMEN'S clubs are the best friends the good pictures have. They are occupying themselves seriously with this problem. They have learned that the exhibitor is as willing to buy good pictures as bad ones, once he is educated to know the difference.

They are demanding the better class of pictures in every town and informing themselves on the picture situation. They have ceased to regard the picture theater as a menace and see in it the greatest factor for development of our times.

It is up to the people.

If you demand good pictures, the exhibitor will demand them of his exchange, the exchange will demand them of the distributors, and the distributors will demand them of the producers. A good play has as much box-office value as a poor one, and the theater men are concerned mostly with the box-office value. The real censors are the people who view the pictures. If they disapprove of them they can go elsewhere and the exhibitor will take the losses.



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LINDA ARVIDSON GRIFFITH

Early Struggles of Motion Picture Stars

When David W. Griffith, the Brilliant Director, Was Just Beginning to Shine

By Linda Arvidson Griffith

This series of reminiscences, written by Linda Arvidson Griffith, the wife of David Wark Griffith, who produced "The Birth of A Nation", is replete with the intimate secrets of the first days of many a star who now scintillates haughtily and brilliantly. Linda Arvidson Griffith has seen the beginning of some of these screen stars. Some of them now boasting of princely salaries might prefer to forget that they began at \$3 a day. Mrs. Griffith writes frankly in this series of the days when \$25 a week was a consideration not to be ignored in the Griffith family. She will tell the readers of Film Fun in the coming numbers of the magazine many interesting incidents in the days of the "Old Biograph" as it is affectionately called by the screen people who began their climb in its studies.

WITH the daily papers reporting as "news" the various offers of thousands per week being made Mary Pickford for the coming season, it is rather hard to turn one's thought back to the pioneer days of motion pictures when Mary Pickford was eager to get a little job, and try to realize the tremendous changes that have been wrought during eight short years and less in the lives of so many of the brightly twinkling motion picture stars of to-day.

In the fall of 1907 Mr. Griffith had a play produced by James K. Hackett, called "A Fool and a Girl." Incidentally the star of this production and her leading man are now two of Jesse Lasky's Famous Players—Fannie Ward and Jack Deane—and it was in this play they first met. Mr. Hackett, very generous to an unknown playwright, had given Mr. Griffith, as advance royalty on accepting the play, a check for seven hundred

dollars. By the time the play was produced, that then enormous sum of money had dwindled to little more than seven hundred cents, so it was with anxious forebodings we watched the premiere of that first little play. The writing on the wall spelled "failure," and the seven hundred cents were nearer to seventy cents some months later, when the rent was coming due and we had not the wherewithal to pay it. We happened to hear of a place called the American Biograph, at 11 East Fourteenth Street, where they bought little stories for moving pictures for fifteen dollars and where one could act in these pictures for three and five dollars a day.

Timidly we called there. The elder Mr. McCutcheon was putting on a picture. What a funny little place the studio was! Stuffy and hot, with greenish-blue banks of lights, scene painters, carpenters, camera man, actors and director all in the one

room, the ballroom in what formerly was the residence of one of New York City's aristocratic families. We were engaged for a picture—a version of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," directed by young Mr. Wallace McCutcheon.

No Monday night in stock or opening night en tour ever gave me cold shivers and heart palpitation like my first day working in a moving picture. The horribly ugly lights making us look like dead people, the calm and indifferent way in which we didn't rehearse, the chalk lines on the floor marking off the acting space, and that camera trained on us like a gatling gun ready to send us to eternity when it began to operate! I think the intense nervousness was mostly caused, however, by the realization that I knew I had to make good, for, oh, how we needed the money! This would enable us to stay in New York, and Mr. Griffith could devote his spare time to writing plays—his one and only ambition. The movies were now to provide the means thereto—the bridge that was to carry us over to the enchanted land of the successful playwright.

We also did Mutoscopes in those days. They were sent out West, and Mr. H. N. Marvin, the then president of the Biograph, on occasion came in and directed them. In fact, in one short week I had worked for Mr. McCutcheon, Mr. Marvin and Mr. Stanner E. V. Taylor. We seemed to have a new director almost every day. Mr. Taylor asked me one day if I could play a lead in a melodrama. Melodrama wasn't exactly in my line, but I said "yes." I felt in my heart that I could have played anything, from Lady Macbeth to "Little Eva." We produced the picture. During the course of it, according to the play, my husband beat me, I fainted dead away at the climax of the courtroom scene, deserted my two babies on the steps of a convent, and finally ended my sorrowful life by jumping off the Palisades.

The picture was never released, but it gave me the honor of playing the leading part in the first picture Mr. Griffith was afterwards to direct for the Biograph, the now historic "Adventures of Dolly." I was Dolly, and the late Arthur Johnson was Dolly's young husband. How much money I made! Twenty-eight dollars in two weeks, enough for a whole spring outfit—suit, blouse, hat, shoes and gloves. Then Mr. Griffith wrote several scenarios—one of the first was a version of the old poem, "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse"—and one day they gave him a picture and asked him to produce it. It was no easy story to produce for a first picture, for it had a number of scenes in which a barrel supposed to contain a baby had to float downstream over waterfalls, etc. It was rumored about the studio that they had handed Griffith a "lemon." Well, he accepted the "lemon"!

Who was to play in this picture? There



BIOGRAPH

One of the first pictures in which Linda Arvidson Griffith appeared, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." From left to right is Mrs. Griffith, David Griffith, Ann Lorley and Harry Salter.

was no stock company of actors to draw from, and no pictures were ever shown in New York that Biograph had ever produced, so how was he to cast "The Adventures of Dolly"? In order to get some sort of a line on things, in the little projection room upstairs Mr. Marvin had the boy run off a few pictures, and one of these was the melodrama done by Mr. Taylor and in which I had played the lead. That night Mr. Griffith said to me:

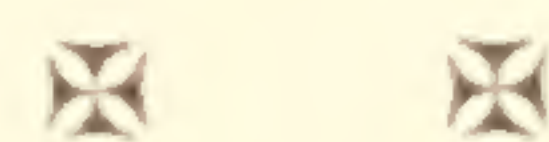
"You'll play the lead in my first picture. Not because you're my wife, but because you're a good actress. But where shall I get a man who looks like a regular husband and like he owned more than a cigarette?"

He walked Broadway, looking for his type, and he found him in Arthur Johnson, whom he approached on the street and asked if he would care to work in a mov-

ing picture. Mr. Johnson replied:

"I am sure I don't know what they are, but I'm willing to take a chance." It proved to be not much of a chance, but to my mind no personality ever flickered on the screen that had the sweetness, good humor and likeableness of dear, departed Arthur Johnson.

How "Dolly" went out into the world and won—how she broke the deadlock against Biograph pictures being shown in New York—is now a matter of moving picture history, as is also the fact that when the so-called "lemon" that had been handed to Mr. Griffith was shown the Biograph heads, they dismissed all preceding directors and gave the floor to Mr. Griffith.



He Passed Him In

Jimmy was resourceful, and although he possessed but a nickel, he resolved to see the ten-cent picture show and put down his money with a determined air at the ticket booth.

"Admission ten cents," reminded the ticket seller.

"Say," said Jimmy, with an explanatory air, "that's all right for most folks; but I only got one eye, and you can't expect me to pay for seeing the whole show."

They passed him in.



It Loomed Up

"Was the past of that motion picture actress in the dark?"

"Yes, until her friends turned the searchlight on it."



A False Impression

He was a novice in the movies. His first stunt was to walk into a scene, kiss a girl, and then exit. After he had done so, he told a fellow extra that the girl he kissed had painted lips.

"How do you know?" he was asked.

"Because I printed a kiss on them, and mine showed the proof."





IVY CLOSE

Named in a Recent Photographic Contest as the Most Beautiful Woman in the World



Ivy Close, as the little newsboy detective in "Darkest London."



In the same play Miss Close was the scrubwoman Sallie's double.

Ivy Close, Noted English Beauty, Finds it Difficult to Get a Cup of Tea in America

IVY CLOSE, who has been called the most photographed woman in the world, arrived recently in America for her first visit to this side. She is going to put on some high-class comedies for the Kalem Company. Her bewilderment at the strange American customs was amusing.

The first stunt she pulled off was to pay three dollars to learn just how to count American money. She changed a five pound note, and they handed her a lot of dollar bills and half dollars. She regarded them curiously when she opened her purse to pay for her first breakfast. The waiter regarded her meditatively. He was convinced that she was new to dollar bills and decided to frame his action accordingly.

"How many pennies—no; cents, you call them—in a dollar?" asked Miss Close, with fingers poised over her purse.

"Twenty-five," said the waiter confidently.

So Miss Close paid three dollars for a seventy-five-cent breakfast and only discovered her mistake later, when asking her maid the value of American money.

"That wasn't all," explained Miss Close. "I made a horrible mistake the very first night I arrived. I roamed around in my hotel room, searching for the bell to summon the chambermaid, to tell her just when I wanted my morning cup of tea. We cannot wake up at home without our cup of tea, you know. How you American women get along without it, I cannot see. So when I saw a little white button in the wall, I punched it, thinking it was the bell.

"Immediately the lights went out!

"Having seen another small white button in the adjacent territory, I quickly punched that. Immediately a fan arrangement in the ceiling began to whirl. I was in despair, so I ventured out in the corridor. I had seen numbers of small lads in buttons running about, but no chambermaids, as we have at home. At last I spied a girl sitting at a table at the end of the hall. I brightened up. I approached her cautiously.

"'Could you please bring me a cup of tea at eight o'clock in the morning?' I said, as courteously as I could.

"The girl glared at me.

"'I don't bring tea,' she said coldly. 'If you wish breakfast, telephone to the cafe, and a waiter will bring it up.'

"'Not breakfast,' I pointed out politely. 'Just my waking-up cup of tea. I couldn't think of having a waiter bring it to me. Have you no chambermaids?'

"'The chambermaids do not serve meals,' she responded. 'You must telephone for it to the cafe.'

"I discovered later that I had committed a gross lese majeste in asking a floor clerk to bring me a cup of tea! But how was I to know?"

So Miss Close went without her cup of tea until her maid arrived and saw to it that she had her "waking-up" cup of tea. And although she had dreaded arriving in New York, no sooner had she come and discovered its beauties than she dreaded leaving at once for Jacksonville, where the rehearsals will take place.

"I never saw such a place," she said. "Why, you are wonderful! You work all day and laugh all night. In England we are sad now; but I never saw people laugh and enjoy comedy as they do here. It quite cheers me up, and I hope to give them some comedy to laugh at as well.

"And the dancing! We have nothing like it in England. I enjoy going out to dinner with my friends and seeing the people dance between courses. No wonder you are so energetic and progressive over here. You enjoy your amusements so greatly. Everybody dances—young, middle-aged and old. I think it is the most wonderful thing I ever saw—the dancing and the laughter. It has given me an insight into what you want in comedy."



The Snow Cure—The Bear—and the Rabbit

THE BEAR and the rabbit occupy a considerable portion of the story and of the screen in this latest Keystone comedy. Ford Sterling says that acting with a zoo has its disadvantages. He says this possibly because he had a bout with the rabbit he uses in the play. They didn't have much trouble with the bear, who was amenable to discipline and was right on the job every moment.

But the rabbit was something else again. His bit was to run 100 yards. They selected a well-recommended rabbit and turned him loose, with confidence in his ability. But the trouble was that Bunny refused to stop at the 100 yards. Like the runner in the faked race,



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Dr. Quack (James Donnelly) carefully tests the lungs of a patient (Ford Sterling) and promises him a sure cure.

who was afraid to come back and face his accusers, the rabbit kept right on running, regardless of the fact that they needed him again. They had two more rabbit scenes.

They found him again, however. He got tangled up with a trap arrangement a farm boy had put out, and he was returned for a reward and behaved himself pretty well after that.

You'll like "The Snow Cure." It's funny. There are one or two scenes that might as well have been eliminated. Some time we will have a comedy director who will get his direction trained on the point that a picture can be funny without being vulgar or coarse. Not many of them believe it yet, but they



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

The fat, lean and medium patients have been assured of a cure for their ailments by Dr. Quack, who sends them out for a walk in the snow and sends a jolly brown bear to chase them into a brisk circulation.

will in time. The box office will recognize it first.

Ford Sterling is a gay bachelor, who endeavors to build up a flirtation with the pretty wife of his neighbor in the apartment across the hall. The husband has other ideas on the subject, however, and inflicts them rather suddenly and violently on the flirtatious Ford. Husband then takes his wife and goes to their summer home, a cabin in the mountains.

Ford has been "considerable shuk up, like," like the man in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and goes to take a course of treatment from Dr. Quack, who has a sanitarium in the same mountains, although Ford is not aware of this. Dr. Quack also has a jolly brown bear. He assures his patients that all they need is exercise to start



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

The flirtatious Ford, who is under the care of Dr. Quack, is chased by Bruin into the cabin of a jealous friend, who has a very pretty wife. Dr. Quack arrives in time to save his life.

the circulation, and to be sure they get it, he sends the brown bear out after them when they go out for a walk. The bear is a sociable animal but he finds difficulty in catching up with the bunch.

Ford is chased by the bear to a cabin, and when he dashes inside, he discovers to his horror that his late neighbor and wife are also inside. The jealous husband seizes a shotgun to slay the flirtatious friend and is only restrained by Dr. Quack, who has followed his patient into the cabin and explains the situation.

This is the outline of the story that Ford Sterling has heavily chinked with plenty of comedy action. There is stir in the picture from beginning to end, especially the action by the bear and the rabbit.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

The patients of "The Snow Cure" return to the hotel greatly out of breath, only to discover the bear who had chased them over the mountain, taking it easy in the office.

"The Innocent Lie"



FAMOUS PLAYERS

After vainly attempting to waken her younger brother, Norah assumes his duties and watches at dawn for the coming of the elder brother with the day's supply of fish which are to be promptly taken to market.

HERE is a picture with comedy, with delicate flashes of subtle humor, with moments of thrill so tense that you forget to breathe, with beautiful photography and plenty of healthy, virile action. We should have more such plays as Lois Zellner has written for Valentine Grant in "The Innocent Lie."

Norah is a typical Irish girl, who mothers her younger and lazy brother, who yearns to go to "Ameriky." He attempts to steal the savings of the family, but Norah forbids and gives him her share of the tiny family fortune—only a few pounds, but enough to pay his way to America.

Then the elder and steady brother, fired by martial ambition, enlists and leaves Norah free to seek her brother and her fortune in America. There is another Norah who was booked for America, but who remains in Ireland to marry her soldier sweetheart at the last minute. This gives the motif for the play, for the other Norah bids the little peasant Norah to

take her excuses to the wealthy aunt in America to whom she was going.

There are thrilling scenes of thugs who desire to entice the little Irish girl when she arrives in America. But she is a canny little divvel and foils them with her Irish wit, only to be robbed of her money and thrown into the street, where she is picked up by the police.

And now we have the story. You've guessed it, of course. For she has kept the address of the other Norah's wealthy aunt safely in her ragged gown and is taken there at once. Her incoherent explanations are taken for the natural ravings after such a severe fall, and she is soothed and quieted and accepted as the missing niece.

So the poverty-stricken Irish girl is transformed into the daintily gowned, well-cared-for member of a wealthy New York household, until she meets her ne'er-do-well brother, who is a chauffeur. Her innate honesty and her love for her brother lead her to reveal her innocent lie.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

"THE INNOCENT LIE."

Norah, after waking her lazy brother and setting him to work, hitches up the donkey and is off to market.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

The steady elder brother has brought in a good catch of fish for Nora to take to the market.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

"Sure, your honor," she points out to a customer, "'tis an elegant fish and well worth a shilling. Not a penny less."



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Nora says good-bye to the ne'er-do-well brother, who is going to America. "God bless you, then," she says, "and prosper you in the new land."



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Norah, left alone in her Irish cabin, goes to America in search of her brother and is led by fate to masquerade as another Irish Norah.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Sidney Olcott explaining the details of a cabin scene in "The Innocent Lie" to Valentine Grant, who stars as Norah O'Brien, while the camera man waits patiently for the order to "Shoot!"



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Norah's honest Irish heart revolts at the innocent deception she has practiced, and leaving a note for the kind friends who believe her to be their niece, she goes to her brother. His dissolute pal chucks her under the chin, and Norah's Irish blood is roused. As you can see, there has been a peach of a fight.



TRIANGLE

While the Triangle kiddies were waiting for a call to rehearse, Douglas Fairbanks amused them by teaching them a new string puzzle.



TRIANGLE

George Stone, as the little waif in "Going Straight," has no friend but a hungry little slum kitten that he devotedly loves.

Fairbanks and His Triangle Kiddies

THE Triangle kiddies have a new playfellow. Douglas Fairbanks and his lasso divide their spare time about evenly between a bunch of old-time cowpunchers with a taste for boxing and wrestling and the children. They adore him.

The other day he was showing them some rope tricks, when Violet Radcliffe, aged seven, who has a Castle-cut and often plays boy's parts, took the rope and in a flash had it spinning in the air. She was the heroine of the hour. Thereupon began

a junior class in rope tricks, with Fairbanks as teacher.

Then Francis Carpenter and Fairbanks had a boxing bout. Francis is four, going on five. It was a lively bout. Francis closed in and landed a body blow. His antagonist sank limply to the stage, and Francis stood over him and counted him out.

When Fairbanks was up, Francis came back and held out his hand.

"Mr. Fairbanks," he said, "I'm willing to call it square, if you are."



TRIANGLE

In this scene from "Going Straight," mother comes upon the kiddies just in time to find the Chinese cook gorging them with a feast of cream puffs.



VITAGRAPH

Gasoline waiting for her cue in a rehearsal. No movement or sound of the director escapes her sharp green eyes, and she is ready at the first call.



VITAGRAPH

Her first gasoline bath was an accident. She fell into a can of it and emerged so clean and odorous that it has become a regular habit of cleanliness.

She Pussy-footed Into the Screen

BEING THE TALE OF A CAT



THERE has been a new and satisfactory policy in regard to character bits allotted to cats. A new and versatile cat is taking all the fat feline parts.

Formerly no one cat seemed to have a frequent place in any of the productions. Inexperienced and transient cats were used. They suffered from nervousness and lack of judgment and insufficient talent. And good extra cats were not always to be had.

Then "Gasoline" arrived. She is a stately cat of the greatest self-possession and histrionic ability. As a type, Gasoline is striking. As a member of the stock, she is indispensable. She has arrived. She is a Personality, Gas is.

She did not romp into the game on a pathway spread with roses and catnip. Hers was the bitter struggle of those who essay to enter a profession already overcrowded. She practically had to pussy-foot her way into the studio where she now enjoys a regal immunity.

Before the rise of Gasoline's stock, cats had been casual employees, like mob members and elderly extras and babies by the day. But they were never around when you wanted them, and the directors were often in distressful need of a good, resourceful, obedient cat that was not camera-shy. Neighborhood cats were apt to be crude, wild-eyed, untrained creatures that had to be dragged into the sets and tied with strips of soft cloth to maintain them in indolent domesticity.

Then Gasoline cut in. She haunted the outskirts of the studio at first, wandering in occasionally with an absent-minded

air that sought to frustrate suspicion. Large and impatient feet hoisted her out again. She kept oozing back into the premises right along, arching herself along with a deprecatory manner that gradually won her friends at court. She had several good points. She kept punctual hours, being right on hand with the rest of the employees; and she had very ladylike habits.

At last came her great opportunity. Her inspiration led her to be found asleep on the surface of a lemon meringue pie. The scene was taken before she was observed, and there ensued wild clamor for her life. It meant a retake.

"Not on your life!" whooped the director, who knew a good thing when he saw it. "It's the making of this scene!"

Her stage presence, her grace and her aplomb have never deserted Gasoline from that moment. She has been called upon to play difficult cat parts in many plays and invariably receives with serenity the avowed admiration of everybody.

Gasoline is passionately fond of her art. She has resolved to devote all her lives to it. She is so enthusiastic, in fact, that she needs to be watched, lest she walk into scenes that were better catless. Once the camera begins grinding and the blue lights flicker, Gasoline is right on the job, purring anxiously and waiting her cue with gleaming eyes and twitching tail tip.

That's all about Gasoline, except how she got her name. She received it with her art and advent into stardom. For sometimes she gets a trifle dusty and shopworn, and it has been the practice to dry-clean her. For this reason she generally enters a scene with a faint odor of gasoline about her—perfectly clean, but a trifle insistent. And hence the name.



MUTUAL

Picturization of Wilkie Collins's famous novel, "Armada," which is to be released by the Mutual as a three-part feature, would be incomplete without the thrilling scene in which the false Allan Armadale locks the rightful bearer of that name in a stateroom of a sinking steamer and leaves him to his fate. Under the able direction of Richard Garrick, of the Gaumont-Mutual studios, these water scenes have been carried out with exceptional realism, despite the fact none of them were taken within a mile of a ship of any kind. All that Garrick did was to place the scenery necessary for the photographing of the scenes in the river near the shore and wait for the rising tide to come in and furnish the necessary realism. Of course the players and the director, as well as the camera man, had to work in water up to their shoulders; but any damage to their clothes was quickly repaired by the tailor and the bills settled by the Gaumont-Mutual studios.

Seven New Gowns for One Play



"THIS problem of clothes reminds me of a girl who came into the studio one day and wanted a job," said Ollie Kirby. "The aspirant for fame had been watching some of the actors, and burst out suddenly,

"My, I wish I could be a leading lady! I'd work without a fuss, if they only gave me fifteen a week—fifteen dollars, I mean."

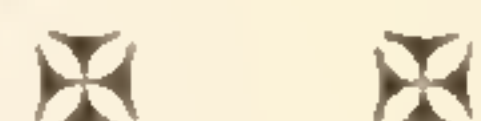
"I smiled cheerfully at her.

"How would you dress on that money?" I said.

"Dress?" she repeated vaguely. "Why, I've got four dandy dresses already."

"I had to buy seven brand-new gowns for my new play," said I, "and they'll last about as long as a drop of dew in the sunshine. My clothes take about all my salary, my dear girl."

"The aspirant gave one astonished look at me and my gown and walked slowly away, trying to adjust her mind to the fact that there might be something else in motion pictures besides posing in front of a camera."



Hope Deferred

Friend—Did you say that the leading man called on you last night?

Miss Film—Yes; and I expected him to leave at ten o'clock, but it was a case of hope deferred—until twelve.

Poor Child!

MARY PICKFORD

in

"RAGS"

For two weeks—10 cents

So read the sign on each of the four sides of the poster box before the motion picture theater. An old lady paused as the sign caught her eye, and for a few moments she walked around it as if searching for something.

Finally she approached a near-by bluecoat and timidly touched his arm.

"If you just show me the slot in that box," she said pityingly, wiping her eyes, "I'm willin' to donate a dime to help the poor child get some new clothes."



Not Concerned

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie, Willie?" asked the hostess in a motion picture.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care," said the screen child confidently. "This isn't her pie."

The Happifat Dolls and Their Adventures



PARAMOUNT

Happifat, like all boys, was made of frogs and snails and puppy dog tails. But Happifat is a hero.

Baby Happifat is the hero of a serial filled with "perils." It is the "Hazards of Happifat," appearing in different releases of Paramount Pictographs, the "Animated Magazine on the Screen."

Happifat, like all boys, was made of frogs and snails and puppy dog tails. His playmate, "Flossie Fisher," is of course made of sugar and spice and everything nice. But charming as she is, Flossie has enemies. She has a way of getting into trouble. Happifat always comes to her rescue. Poor Flossie Fisher!

Alexander Leggett, the creator of Happifat, is a wire-puller. He believes that wire is mightier than muscle, and he moves Happifat and Flossie Fisher and the cow, the big brown bear, bugs and all the other animals that pass before the camera, with wires—a hundred tiny wires sticking through the floor of the stage, entirely unseen.

Happifat, like all good heroes, is in love with the beautiful Flossie. Very often he suffers tremendous hardships for her. In one of the pictures he milked the cow. His wanderings, as they appear in the releases of the Pictographs,



PARAMOUNT

Flossie Fisher, who has a penchant for getting into trouble, from which Happifat always rescues her.

THE Happifat dolls have laughed their way into the hearts of children wherever motion pictures are shown.

have taken him through experiences with a jitney, and most recently with a number of strange and wild animals,



PARAMOUNT

Happifat experiences many difficulties in his farming operations, especially when wild animals break into his garden.

when he was off on a trip to the mountains.

He has gone farming, he has a terrible time with a magic milk pail, indeed, with a lamb and a puppy dog, and with a hen and her chicks. Happifat, being an animated doll, has the gestures of our best after-dinner speakers. Flossie Fisher is always exceptionally well costumed in every release of the "Hazards of Happifat." Her dresses are the very latest thing in doll's clothing, her creator, Alexander Leggett, having exclusive right for motion pictures of all the doll wardrobe handled by a prominent New York toy house.

We have seen Baby Happifat in the most terrifying situations, and Paramount promises we shall soon see Flossie Fisher hanging from the branch of a tree, the branch overhanging a chasm. The villain will be sawing away the limb—of the tree—and Happifat will be seen approaching on a run over the crest of a hill. They get away with this and other "perils" series, so why can't Happifat?

The little folks enjoy these Happifat series so much that it has encouraged their creator to get busy on more.



PARAMOUNT
Flossie Fisher goes out to rake hay.

To a Safe Return

Friend—Why do you inclose stamps when you send away your poetry?

Motion picture poet—Don't you suppose that I want to get it back.?

Something on Her

The scene showed an opera box occupied by a beautiful woman, dressed in an opera gown. One man in the audience kept staring at her during the whole scene.

"That man," remarked a woman to her husband, "couldn't seem to keep his eyes off that actress in the box."

"Well," was the reply, "I suppose he thought she ought to have something on her."



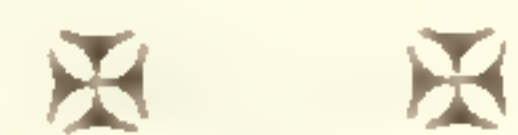
The Filling

Mrs. Jones, the patient wife of the motion picture poet, entered the "den" of the budding genius.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am molding some of my thoughts into shape," was the reply.

"Well," was the rejoinder, "if you want a crust for your supper, you'd better get out and hustle for some dough."



Capital Punishment

Bill—I saw a woman hung yesterday.

Tom—Where?

Bill—Around her lover's neck.



PARAMOUNT

But Flossie and Happifat and their woolly dog are attacked by vicious insects and have a sad time at their farming.

LAST MONTH WE HAD THE FUNNY FATS.



JOKER

GALE HENRY.

Gale Henry is slim but sylph-like. She likes to be thin, even though it affords her considerable anguish when she must refuse candy, of which she is fond, or sweet desserts. Her slenderness is a part of her fortune, for there are not many women who will accept the thin star's scepter. Not but what they like to be thin, all right; but, you see, the popular conception of a cross old maid is a thin, angular person, with an expression that is a cross between a green persimmon and a sour apple. Gale Henry is exceptionally good-tempered and jolly; and as a skinny screen star,

Wow!



TRIANGLE

CHARLES MURRAY,

Who as Slim Summerville has made a name for himself in the most exclusive slim circles of the screen. Slim is a solemn guy, who seldom smiles, but has a determined temperament. You wouldn't think, to look at him carefully pack a revolver in a traveling bag, that he was a "skinny scream"; but when his long, prehensile person gets tangled up with a Triangle plot, there's no use in talking, you might just as well sit back and laugh. He'll make you laugh, anyway. He is built on the plan of three boards nailed together, and you simply cannot forget the solemnly funny Slim.



VITAGRAPH

FLORA FINCH.

She was one of the first of the "skinny screams." As a foil to fat John Bunny, Flora Finch and her slender proportions was the pioneer thin woman to make capital of her slinness. At that time only fat folks were considered funny; but Flora Finch and her leanness captured her audiences, and the thin woman came into her own. The only difficulty was that Flora had so much fun at her rehearsals that she had all she could do to keep thin. But she industriously exercised at "one, two, three" systems and ate slate pencils and lemons and preserved her swelt figure.

HERE ARE THE SIX SKINNY SCREAMS



©WITZEL

LEO WHITE,

Who is a Chaplin-Mutual hero of the slender form. Leo looks right haughty here, but that is only because the script called for the villain's attitude of folded arms and baleful glare. You can tell right away, from the size of the decoration that hangs as a pendant from his cravat, that Leo is supposed to be a regular guy with a title. Hence the folded arms, the silk hat, the spats and the cane hung over the arm at the correct angle. Leo himself is not haughty. He earns his living by being thin. Like all these other screams, he refutes the theory that long, lean people have no sense of humor.



MOROSCO

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

She is the extended lady who makes capital of the fact that she "still retains her girlish laughter." If you have ever seen Grace Greenwood, you will know her at once. Most tall girls have a lot of trouble in this world in their role of overlooking the multitude, but Grace was one of the first to make her height her asset instead of a liability. She went into vaudeville, featured her length and made a lot of fun of it. Being tall is profitable for her. She is always bubbling over with fun, and she doesn't care a rap how unpretty she makes herself, just so you laugh with her.



TRIANGLE-KEY BEE

FRANK HAYES,

Who has glimpsed Gale Henry in the offing and is making a mental comparison as to the beauties of his bathing suit and hers. Frank claims—and with some foundation—that when it comes to manly beauty in a bathing suit, he has them all bested. He is of the willowy type, as you can readily observe, and attracts attention when he strolls out for a walk on any sandy sunny beach. While his bathing suit accentuates his slenderness, he is plenty thin enough to get along comfortably in summer, when fat folks suffer. As a skinny comedian he has the center spot.



NORMA TALMADGE.

NORMA TALMADGE

Gives an Idea For Children's Films

By ELIZABETH SEARS

"I WONDER if she will be changed."

A slender, pretty girl in a smart blue gown, who was waiting in the gray and pink room for Norma Talmadge, turned to the girl with her as she spoke. They had not seen their friend for several years, and they had dropped in from a visit to the Allied Bazaar to meet her again.

"Changed!" The girl in gray smiled cheerfully. "Let me tell you something, dearie. Norma will be just exactly the same sweet old thing she used to be when she was only getting twenty-five a week. Watch her."

She was right. Norma Talmadge has a sensible, level head, thanks to the careful training of her mother, who is her dearest chum. She was just as glad to see her old friends as in the old days when they were all glad to find a good-looking street hat marked down to \$3.97. Miss Talmadge had just come in from

her first day's work at Fort Lee—a good, hard day's work, too—and she was glad to find a comfortable chair and a cup of tea from the quaint old Chinese teapot awaiting her.

Just between you and me and the gatepost, the only fad she has is her love for Chinese embroideries. She has them everywhere about her room, and gorgeous affairs they are, too. There is one wonderful strip of embroidery on the wall that—but this is a story of Norma Talmadge, the charming Triangle star, who has been sent all the way to New York to head a new company of her own, and not of Chinese embroidery. Otherwise I would tell you of the marvelous mandarin's coat that she sometimes slips on when she has a moment to herself, long enough to take three minutes' rest in a chaise longue.

She smiled wearily when she saw a visitor with a pencil. The poor thing has been interviewed so often that it scares her to death. Not but what she is perfectly charming about it; but she says she never can remember what to say or what they want her to say.

"Cheer up," I said. "I'm not going to ask you a single question. This is a new kind of interview—no questions asked."

"Hurrray!" beamed Miss Talmadge, trying to smile between telephone rings. Everybody in New York was calling her up, judging from the constant jingling of the 'phone bell. Mrs. Talmadge answered it until she was exhausted, and then Ethel Cozzens poured her charmingly vibrant voice into the mouth-piece in answer to questions.

There was one voice that was heartily welcomed. It was none other than Toby. Everybody knows who Toby is. Toby was the first gentleman to call up Miss Talmadge when she arrived in New York. He assured her that everything in New York was hers, and that when she gave the word, he would head a phalanx of newspaper and magazine people marching down to her hotel.

"They gotta know you're here, Miss Talmadge," he informed her earnestly. "I've been around to every newspaper office in the place and hustled out reporters to see you."

And so he had. For within half an hour of her arrival, a languid young man from a city daily appeared and said that Toby had haunted his corner of the city room until he had seen him depart for an interview with Miss Talmadge.

"Bless your soul, Toby!" said Miss Talmadge, into the 'phone. "I certainly am glad to hear your voice again."

Then the story of the dog came out. It seems Miss Talmadge has a fluffy white dog, silky and beautiful. They carried him carefully to the baggage car, where stern rules decreed that he must travel. He was laundered beautifully, and the brakeman respectfully informed Miss Talmadge that he would take the best of care of Fluffy Ruffles.

"Do you know," said Miss Talmadge, "I never knew there were so many brakemen in the whole wide world! Seems to me every hour or so the porter would step softly to my side and whisper confidentially,

"'Mis' Talmadge, that brakeman, he says he sure would like to speak a word wid you.'"

"And away mother and I would hie to the baggage car. I changed a twenty-dollar bill into fifty-cent pieces, and by the time we arrived in New York, there wasn't a fifty cents left of that twenty. Those brakemen were so ingratiating and so anxious to take good care of little doggy. But, oh, what a dog they handed out to me at the New York station! I



had stowed away a happy, plump, snowy little creature, and I received a dirty, ragged, barking canine that I would never have recognized in the world. He was disreputably cocksure of himself and tried to swagger up and down the platform like a sure-enough brakeman. He barked at me defiantly and seemed so fond of the car that he really didn't want to come out. They had a lot of fun with my poor little Fluffy Ruffles, but it took six baths to get him clean again, poor dear."

Miss Talmadge, like all her family, possesses a sense of humor that is a regular floating buoy to her. She and her mother are like a pair of happy girls together, and in spite of her boost to stardom, with its consequent salary, Miss Talmadge does not waste her money in feverish purchases. She gets full value for every dollar she spends. Maybe she won't like it if I tell this story, but it is too good to keep. The mother told it on her.



Some of the screen stars are good pickings to the shops, especially when the modish gowns and smart hats are displayed for their benefit. Miss Talmadge wandered through the shopping district just before she came East, and an insistent young woman wanted her to buy out the shop, having recognized her immediately.

"Here is a smart little model for you, Miss Talmadge," she said. "Just the thing for you. See what wonderful lines it has!"

Miss Talmadge looked at the simply made house frock with interest. Her maid could have duplicated it for fifty dollars easily, but she would have been willing to pay sixty for it.

"Very pretty," she said. "What is the price?"

The clerk glanced quickly at the price tag and held it in her hand.

"Only one hundred and ninety-six dollars," she said easily. "And so charming on you!"

Miss Talmadge stole a glance at her mother, who returned the glance with interest.

"What do you think of it, mother?" she said, refusing to allow her knowledge of the real figures on the price tag to slip out. "Do you think I ought to take it?"

"Just as you please, dear," murmured Mrs. Talmadge, with an aside, "If you take that thing at that price, I'll murder you!"

"Of course it is very pretty," said Miss Talmadge to the clerk, and "Don't worry, old dear. I'm not utterly mad yet," to her mother. "But I have so little time to-day. I'll drop in

some other time, and thank you so much for showing them to us." And in the elevator she fell up against her sympathetic mother with a gasp.

"One hundred and ninety-six dollars for that gown! It would have been dear at sixty. I wonder why they try it on that way. I saw that price tag, and she added one hundred dollars to the first price."

So, you see, the sharks will never get Miss Talmadge. She learned what values were early in life, and her success as a screen star has not at all turned her pretty head.

"I see the recent federation of club women called for better films for children," she said, sipping her welcome cup of tea. "I'm for that. I enjoyed those kiddies out at the Triangle studio so much, and I was with them so constantly that I gained

a new idea of what children want on the screen. They don't want the inane stuff that some of the older ones seem to think they need. Children like just what we like. They want action on the screen and virility and comedy. They catch the comedy bits long before the adults do, and they scream with laughter at them. Children think a lot more than we realize, and they have been pretty well fed up with this fairy-tale stuff. You know, I sometimes think we waste a lot of good sympathy over their likes and dislikes. They understand a good comedy as much as any adult, and if the people who are getting up children's programs would hold this thought in mind, they would be mighty popular with the children. They get so much enforced education at school that they are rather afraid of a film if it is labeled 'educational'; but they'll take anything in the way of instruction on the screen if it is rightly presented. A visualized scene is printed on their mind immediately, whereas it takes a lot of time and effort to memorize it as a dry lesson. I'm strong for good films for the children. And while we are about it, I'm just as strong for good films for the adults. I believe the ones who need the special attention are the youth of the country. We don't seem to pay much attention to them. Why not have a campaign on good films for the young people from twelve to eighteen—just in the formative period?"

Well, why not?

The telephone jangled considerably out of tune, and Mrs. Talmadge hurried back and forth with messages and requests for interviews and offers of theater tickets and boxes of flowers and bonbons. Miss Talmadge drank her tea and smiled her relief at not having to answer questions and be interviewed—always a wearisome job for her, however willing she may be. She smiled at her mother when the third offer of dinner and theater came in.

"Dearie," she said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. You and I will have a bite of dinner together, and then we'll slip out and see a good picture show. How about this new Rialto? I hear it is well worth seeing. Suppose we just run over there all by ourselves."

This is her idea of recreation. After working hard all day in a new studio, she slips out with her best chum to a picture show.

"It's a long ride out to Fort Lee," she said, when the visitors rose in a body to bid adieu. "In California, you know, the studio was only a few blocks, so this long trip twice a day is new to me. But isn't it grand to get back to this nice weather?"

Mrs. Talmadge groaned.

"Imagine!" she said. "When everybody else is oozing moisture from every tiny cell in the skin, and drooping around trying to keep their hair in curl and to keep from fighting with their best friends, Norma is blooming with health and energy. She likes this kind of weather—nice and warm and damp and sticky. What do you think of such a girl?"

Same as everybody else thinks, Mrs. Talmadge—that she is a darling and that you ought to be mighty proud of being the mother of two such charming screen stars. Not but what they

have a lot to be proud of in having you for a mother, too. And there is Natalie Talmadge, the "middle" sister. We haven't had a chance to get around to her yet. There are three of them, you know—Norma and Natalie and Constance—a trio of talented sisters.



Alice in Wonderland



ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE FILM

Alice started to her feet, for she had never before seen a rabbit with a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it. The rabbit popped down under the hedge, and Alice went after it.



ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE FILM

"You've been listening," said Humpty Dumpty, "listening behind trees and at keyholes, or how would you have known about the King and his twenty thousand men coming to put me together again?"

They Have All Come to Life



ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE FILM

"I told you butter wouldn't suit the works," said the March Hare. "But it was the best butter," mourned the Mad Hatter, putting his watch back in his pocket, while Alice poured the tea at the Mad Tea Party.



ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE FILM

In this beautiful, animated picture production of a childhood dream world, Alice has her first glimpse of the world behind the Looking Glass. She pauses to admire it before embarking on more adventures.

Mink Jones

Switches Packages on the Parson and the Druggist



SELIG

Otis Harlan, as Mink Jones, in "A Temperance Town."

MINK JONES, of Jonesville (Otis Harlan), is the lord high executioner and everything else of the temperance town. When Booze and Souse send Jack Worth, salesman for demon rum, to Jonesville, he is met at the depot by Mink Jones and his pretty daughter, Ruth.

Mink, in his capacity as expressman, receives a consignment of hymn books for the parson and of liquor for the hotel bar. Kneeland Pray and Doc Sawyer, the village prescription writer, resolve to institute a committee and a campaign to make Jonesville a temperance town, and incidentally make his village drugstore an oasis in a desert of dryness.

By a mistake the case of liquor goes to the parson, and the box of hymn books goes to the village barkeeper. The campaign committee call on the parson just as he is opening the box and are shocked to find the parson has received whiskey. They tell him they will say nothing of his private bar, if he will join them in the temperance crusade.

The meeting is called at the village hall. There are tempestuous scenes. A great friction ensues between the "wet" and the "dry" adherents, but finally Jonesville is voted "dry."

Doc Sawyer and Kneeland Pray do a thriving business. Mink Jones buys the village tavern, because of the "dry" wave, and piles up a satisfactory bank account.

Angered because the lid has been tilted in some unknown way, the druggist and the doctor enlist the aid of the parson and raid Mink Jones's hotel in search of a "blind pig." The "blind pig" is discovered, and Mink Jones is arrested and heavily fined. However, he throws upon a screen moving pictures of the campaign committee dancing with city maidens, and his fine is immediately remitted.



SELIG

Otis Harlan, as Mink Jones, thoughtfully sprinkles the village and the citizens impartially.

An Easy Capture

The picture on the screen showed a number of girls engaged in drilling.

"Do you think that women would make good soldiers?" asked a girl of her escort.

"Of course they would," was the reply; "and if they looked well at the front, they could easily capture plenty of sweethearts."

✕ ✕

A Stirred-up Hurricane

"The funniest thing I've seen lately," said Kathryn Williams, "was seeing Director Heffron suffering from the cyclone he had ordered himself. We were filming 'Into the Primitive,' and we needed a terrific hurricane. We couldn't seem to get just the effect with the usual equipment, so Mr. Heffron decided to make a cyclone to order.

"Well, he did it, all right. He rigged up the big propellers of an aeroplane and set them at work, and the breeze they raised was a little bit of all right. They started a cyclone right then and there that nearly blew us off the set. Harry Lonsdale was blown completely from a chair, and Guy Oliver was hurled



SELIG

Mink Jones, in his role of expressman, who has mixed up a cargo of beer for the druggist and hymn books for the parson, is roughly handled at the temperance meeting.

propellers. And no more homemade cyclones for me, if you please!"

✕ ✕

Late for the Matinee

The star, newly engaged for a picture, arrived at the studio two hours late. The director was icily regarding her when she entered with a breezy greeting.

"Oh, good-morning!" she said brightly. "Lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the director briefly. "It was!"



Mink Jones, as the general junkmaster of Jonesville, has a breakdown on the road.



Helen Gonne says she hardly knows whether she would rather be in and looking out or out and looking in. Miss Gonne possesses a marked ability to make funny faces, as you can see.

Nothing But Dry Cleaning

THE Two-minute Man approached Gertrude Robinson somewhat slowly. She looks very serious at times.

"I doubt if she knows anything funny," he said.

"Yes, I do," chirped up Miss Robinson. "I know something that sounded mighty funny when I heard it."

"It might still sound funny," suggested the Two-minute Man. "Let's hear it. I've got about a stick and a half of space I could give to it."

"Then I'll cut out the beginning and the ending and just tell you about it," said Miss Robinson. "I was down South this spring and went one night to a Baptist revival held among the colored folks. The preacher was urging the congregation to repentance.

"'Come all yo' and git baptised!' he shouted.

"'I done ben baptised by de Presbyterians,' explained a weeping old mammy. 'I'se got religion, and I'se done ben baptised.'

"'Laws, sistah,' shouted the preacher, 'yo' ain't ben baptised—yo' jes' ben dry cleaned!'"



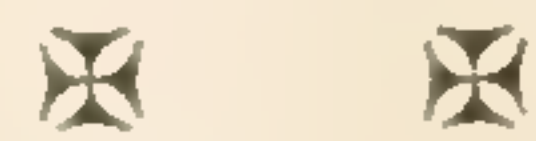
Motion Pictures Are Becoming Popular with Wealthy Patrons

A photoplay league is the newest thing. Such a league has been recently formed, for the encouragement of the higher forms of motion picture art. Its purpose is to create a demand and an appreciation for wholesome, attractive and instructive plays. It is a voluntary organization, made up from representative people. It is planned to organize an annual convention of the members of the league, for the discussion of matters of general interest relating to the motion picture play in all parts of the country.

This new league has no connection with any producing or exhibiting organization. It is merely to represent the interests of the audience, to create an enlightened opinion and to express the ideals of the great army of patrons of the silent drama. It has the cordial interest and active co-operation of men and women who believe it a duty to encourage the possibilities of the new art.

Among the purposes of the league is that of the preservation of films of permanent value in the public libraries, the provision of instructive motion pictures in our educational in-

stitutions and special exhibitions of films on subjects of national interest. The advisory committee of the league consists of Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Charles H. Whitman, Adolph Lewi-son, Robert Erskine Ely, Helen Varick Boswell, Frederick A. Stokes, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Mrs. Willard D. Straight, George F. Kunz, Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Schuyler N. Warren, Mrs. Claudia Q. Murphy, Betty Shannon, Frederick C. Howe, Mrs. Frederick Lee Ackerman, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Marcus M. Marks, Mrs. James Speyer, Lilian D. Wald, Reginald Pelham Bolton, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

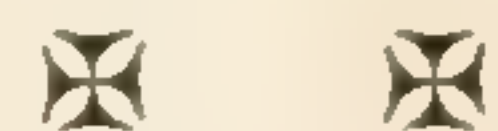


Reel Advice

It's a long reel that has no turning.

Reel actors should never screen their faults.

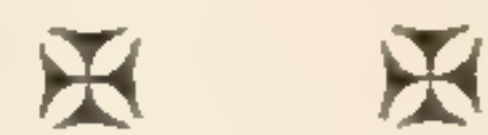
One good reel deserves another.



Under Cover

Ripp—I understand that the movie actor is up to his neck in debt.

Rapp—Yes; I notice that he keeps under cover.



The Valuation

Movie hero—I think that I have overtaxed my mind.

Miss Film—Well, you certainly wouldn't undervalue it.



GAUMONT-MUTUAL

Gertrude Robinson seems to be waiting at the window. Now, what would you say she was watching for—the postman, perhaps? No?



FAMOUS PLAYERS

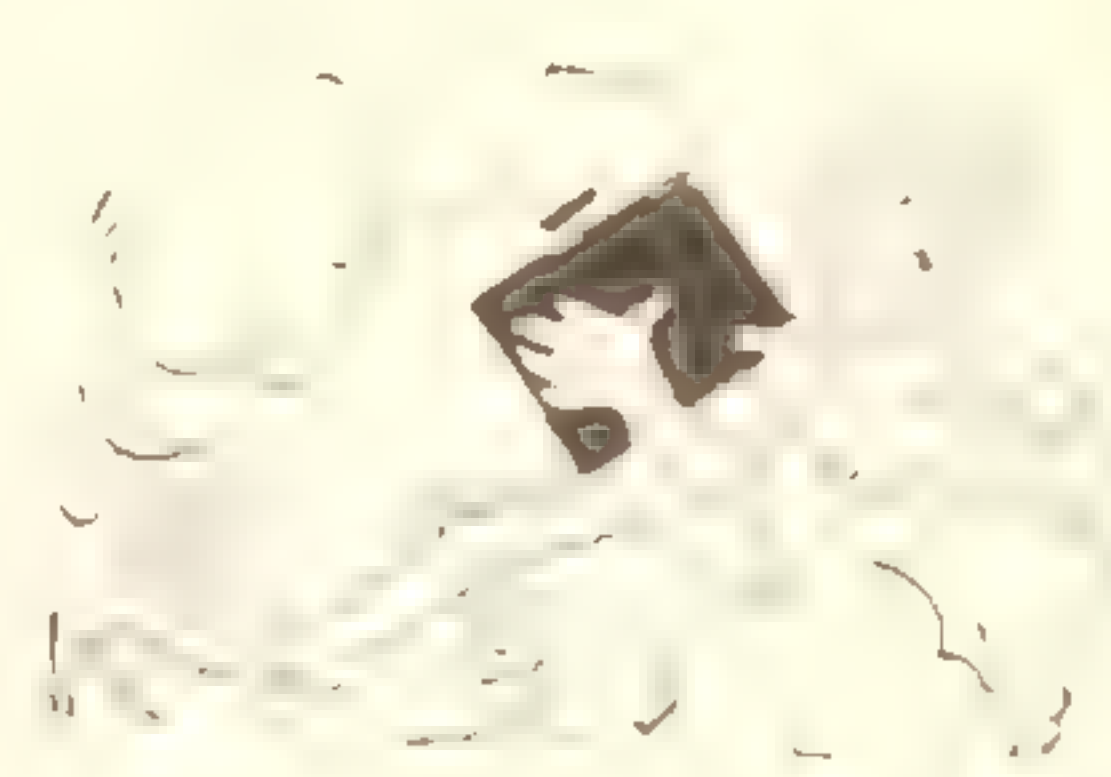
Not many girls would be so delighted at these simple garments, but Hazel Dawn, playing in "The Feud Girl," is genuinely pleased at the opportunity to wear a hat and shoes once more. Hence her contented smile as she surveys herself in the handglass, while she is arraying herself for her screen wedding. Hazel, in her character as the little mountain girl, had been running about in her bare feet for several weeks, while rehearsing, and felt extremely dressed up when she had a chance to put on shoes once more.

THE ONCE-OVER

Dorothy Harpur O'Neill

In the Land of Make-Believe
Fair Clarissa coyly poses;
Lurking challenge in her gaze,
Dimpled chin caressing roses.

All the world's a screen to her,
For the stage "legit" she "shook;"
Once applause was wont to stir,
Now she gives us all a look.





FOX

Stuart Holmes.

He Shoos the Shoes

STUART HOLMES will not buy a pair of shoes for himself. He always sends someone else to do the buying. Every time he ever bought a pair himself, he lost the job he had when the purchase was made.

"It started when I was playing in a stock company in Milwaukee," he said. "I bought a pair of shoes and wore them that night. When I started across the stage in a very ticklish scene, people thought the theater was on the rocks. At first I thought it was because of my acting, but I soon found out it was the shoes.

"The music made by those shoes drowned out the orchestra. The stage manager yelled at me. I took a step forward, hesitated with one foot in the air and stopped still. The added weight on the other foot caused the shoe to cry like a child.

"By this time the audience and the company decided I was insane. The manager fined me and fired me.

"Shoes were the greatest fear of my life. I got another part, and my shoes gave out. I bought a pair guaranteed not to squeak and that same night I lost my job. Once again I bought new shoes and was fired. Now I always get some friend to go in, buy shoes for me and have them delivered at my hotel.

"I'll buy no shoes unless the dealer will give bond that nothing happens to me."



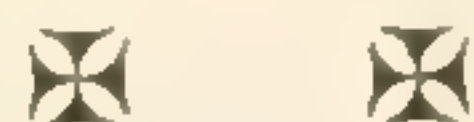
Some Kids

When the two Lee children—Jane and Katherine—returned from Jamaica, their mother brought them to the home offices of the company.

"Now, the offices are not like a studio," Mrs. Lee explained to the two youngsters. "These people are all very busy, and you must not make a noise."

The kiddies behaved perfectly, and as they were leaving, Mrs. Lee told them she was very proud of them.

"You don't know it," said little Jane, "but, mother, you've got some kids!"



An Indeterminate Sentence

"ANYTHING in my line?" asked the Two-minute Man of Carlyle Blackwell, who had dropped into a comfortable chair at the Screen Club to look over the proofs of some photographs just in from his private photographers.

"Would it be interesting to your readers to know that this sending of photographs is going to break me up in business?" inquired Mr. Blackwell anxiously. "You know, we actors have to pay for all these photographs out of our own money."

"That's your problem," returned the Two-minute Man coldly. "Haven't you something funny to tell me? Remember, I'm on a funny book."

"Yes, sir," said Carlyle promptly, "I have something funny. You're all the time printing stories about what happened to film folks down South, and I've acquired the funniest story of all of them. I met an old colored driver down in a Southern city recently, who used to drive me around a lot. His philosophy was unusually clever, and I generally lured him into conversation just to hear his quaint comments. One day we fell to talking about the excise laws, and I asked him about prohibition in that State.

"'Well, suh,' he said, flicking the old whip at the old horse, 'we do git a drap ov liquor into de State now and den, but the penalty suttinly am heavy.'

"'What do you know about the penalty, Uncle Mose?' I asked.

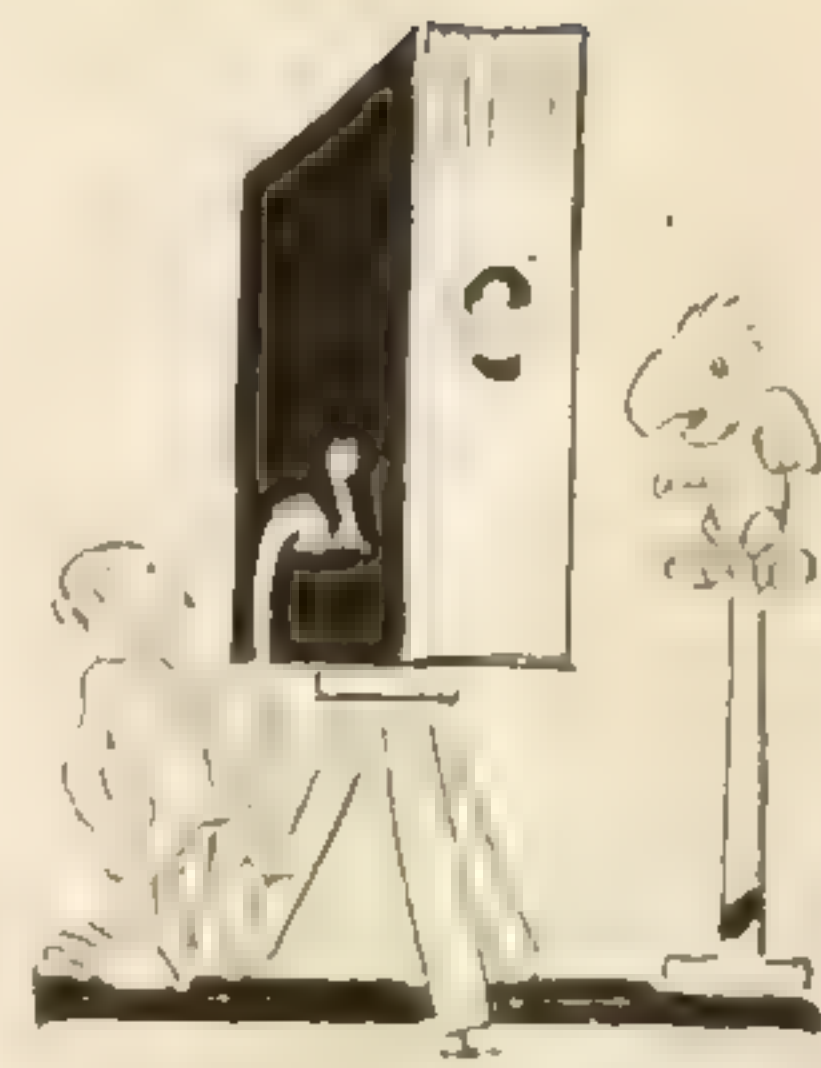
"'Whut I know about dat penalty?' he said. 'Well, suh, once I fetched a kaig ov beer across de line and got five months. Dat's huccome I know 'bout hit.'

"'Five months for a keg of beer!' I exclaimed incredulously.

"'Yassir, dat's whut I got. I reckon the penalty wouldn't 'a' ben so long, on'y de jailer he had a cow, and de jedge he knowed I could milk!'"

Her Debut

Two sons of the old sod were watching a play dealing with prison life. A letter was screened, informing three sisters that another sister was to be released on a certain day. At the appointed time the three sisters were at the prison gate.



"Oi wonder phot they are doing there," said one.

"Phaix, Oi suppose they are going to give her wan of thim 'coming out' parties."

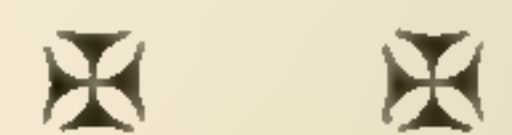


A Perennial

A close-up view of a pretty actress was shown.

"Hasn't she a lovely complexion?" said a woman to her husband. "It is just like a flower."

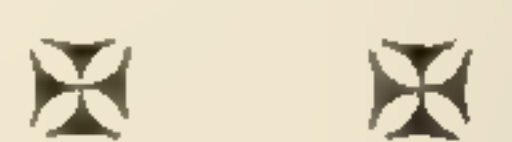
"Yes," he answered; "but I am willing to bet that it is a blooming lie."



The Silkworm

Director—I hear the leading lady received a dozen pair of silk stockings for her birthday.

Leading man—Yes; and I am the worm that furnished them.



Actor—I wonder who prompted Smith to ask me for a loan?

Miss Film—Perhaps it was the director.



WORLD

Carlyle Blackwell.

Scenes From

One-reel Comedies



JOKER
Gale Henry and William
Franey, in

"The Jitney Driver's
Romance."

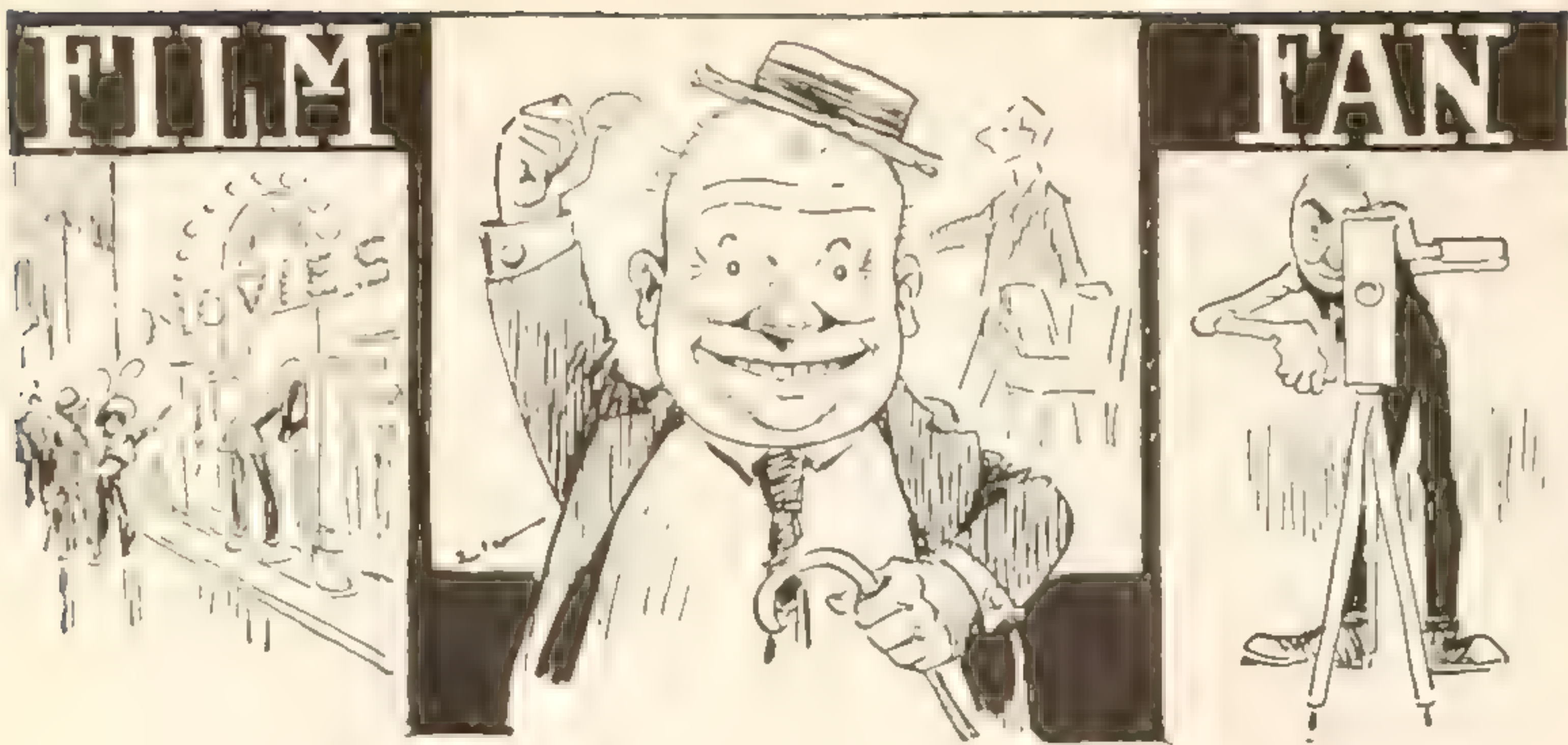


MUTUAL
Rube Miller, as "The Man with the Hod," enlivens the noon hour by a little conversation with his sweetheart.



UNIVERSAL
Eva Nelson, in "Bill's Narrow Escape," tells her husband just
what she thinks of him.

Tom Mix, as a schoolma'am, wins over his girl's obdurate
father.



"**H**EAR the latest film story?" said the Film Fan to the Grouch. "No? Of course not! How could you, with that face? Well, Thomas A. Edison, the inventor of the motion picture projector, gets a lot of letters containing suggestions as to suitable themes or plots for photoplays. It is only human nature for each person to think that the events that happen to him or that come under his observation are the most important happenings that transpire, I suppose, and it seems to be the opinion of the majority of people who have these 'interesting little incidents' to relate that Mr. Edison is the proper man before whom to place the papers in the case. Once in a long while a letter is written by some unconscious humorist. One of these, which has a tendency to remind one of the humorous sketches of W. W. Jacobs, turned up at the Edison studios.

"Excuse me for taking the liberty to write you but it is just like this," commences the letter. "I know of a very funny incident that happened over here in Brooklyn, so if you will pardon me I will relate the yarn to you and it actually happened in a certain cheap saloon. Over here in Brooklyn there is a lot of down and out men congregate every day. They sell five cent whiskey in this store and they give each customer a plate of soup with his whiskey they sell in this particular saloon. The kind of whiskey they sell is the kind that when you are drinking it they have a quartet singing nearer my god to thee. Well here goes for the story. Now over this saloon there is furnished rooms for gents. Well there was a sailor rooming up stairs who used to make trips down to South America and on one of his trips he brought back a monkey and of course he brought the monkey up to his room when he came ashore and kept it tied up in his room. One day he went out and he happened to meet some old shipmates and right there and then he went off on a spree that lasted over a week and when he got himself together and returned to his room not leaving any food or water around for the poor old monkey while he was away from his room the poor old monkey died of starvation. Well he was at a loss to know how he could dispose of the monkey's dead body. He knew he could not throw it in the street because it was a kind of business neighborhood and there was a police station right across the street and he did not know what to do. So at last an idea struck him. Down stairs in the saloon the bar tender opened up the saloon very early about half past four and he used to start to make soup just as soon as he opened up the saloon. Well this morning that I tell you of he had his soup



tank on the gas stove filled up with water and soup meat getting it ready for the early morning customers. Well, while the bar tender was in the rear of the store the sailor came down with the dead monkey under his arm. Looking around the store he did not see the bartender around. But he did see the soup tank Boiling away on the

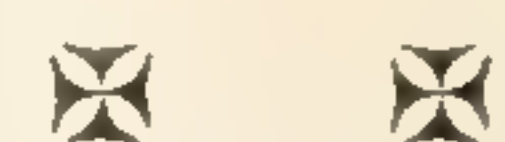
gas stove so he slipped over easy and dropped the dead monkey in the soup pot and then stole up stairs and went back to bed.

"Well, pretty soon after that the bums started to come in for their morning five cent shock and their plate of soup. Well, everything went along allright untill it got low tide in the soup tank and then the bum who was dishing out the soup happened to look down in the soup pot and see the dead monkey's eyes looking up at him. He gave one jump for the door and the last we heard of him he was going a mile a minute. And all the other bums who were in the store that morning when they looked in the soup pot and saw the monkey took the D. T's. Now my object in writing this letter to you was to find out if you could get this story on the screen. All you would need would be a sailor, 5 bums, a bartender, a monkey and a saloon. I would give \$1.00 to see this story on the screen so if you think you can get a picture up from what I have wrote here I would like to see it. If it is acted the way I told it it will be a scream so give it a try out any how. You can call it who put the monkey in the soup."

"Now there's a scream for you."

"Look here," said the Grouch; "let me tell you something. That's a good yarn. I'm going to write a scenario on that myself."

"Are you?" grinned the Fan. "So'm I. And so are 3,463,297 other people. It's a good yarn."



No White Lights for Riley

Riley Chamberlin, who has returned from a five-month sojourn in Jacksonville, contracted the early-to-bed habit. The Two-minute Man found him just as the curfew was beginning to strike or ring or whatever it does over in New Rochelle.

"Yes, sir," said Riley, beginning to yawn as the clock struck, "I'm back."

"But tell us something funny," patiently insisted the Two-minute Man.

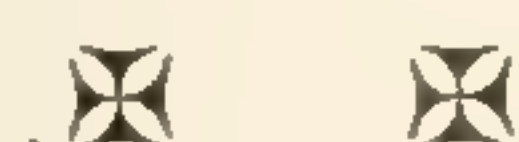
"Funniest thing I can think of is the way you folks up here stay up all night," said Riley, yawning again. "Here it is nine o'clock, and everybody still up and around on the street."

"What do you want to go to bed in the middle of the afternoon for?" demanded the Two-minute Man.

"Say," begged Mr. Chamberlin, "you see, we chaps have to be on hand early at the Thanhouser-Mutual studio, you know, and down South everybody went to bed at a reasonable hour—somewhere along about nine o'clock, you know. So, you see, when it strikes nine, my eyes just naturally won't keep open. Funny, isn't it?"

"It's funny, all right," said the Two-minute Man, folding up his copy paper. "Run along, Riley. No use trying to talk funny talk to a man who is half asleep."

"Thanks, old chap," murmured Chamberlin wearily. "Guess I'll run along home to bed, then—it's getting late. Didn't I hear that clock just strike nine?"



They Loved Every Bone in His Head

The "hero" of the studio was speaking to one of the actresses. "Everybody around here says that I have a big head," he remarked. "What do you think about it?"

"To tell you the truth," she replied, "I really don't think there is anything in it myself."



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"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been a great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

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"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

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Once Again "Marin" Explains That Name

Twice a year Marin Sais comes forth with an explanation. "Every six months," she declares, "the letters pile up so high that I can't answer them all, and then I have to seek print to relieve the anxiety of the darling fans who want to know whether my name is not really Marion, or, 'if it is Marin, what does it mean?' and so on."

So here goes for Marin's semi-annual explanation. Miss Sais is a native Californian, the descendant of one of the oldest Spanish families in the State. She was born in Marin County, California, and her parents, glowingly enthusiastic over their beautiful native country, could think of no better name than Marin. So there you are. It's all so simple when it is explained.

Miss Sais originally intended to take up a career on the concert stage. Her beautiful voice made her a prominent figure in the Pacific coast musical circles, and it was only in the spirit of an experiment that she first consented to appear before the motion picture camera. That was four years ago, and the company was Kalem, with which organization she has been to the present day. Apparently the fascinating studio work has driven all ideas of a concert career from her mind.

✕ ✕

Unbridled Fury

The story on the screen opened with a marriage. Near the end of the first part the groom was seen in a fit of rage with his wife.

"That man," remarked a man to his companion, "doesn't seem to like the idea of being saddled with a wife."

"Indeed not," she replied. "It looks as if he had already kicked over the traces."

✕ ✕

'Twas Ever Thus

Knick—Was she the light of the studio?

Knack—Yes; but she was turned down, soon as a brighter one turned up.

✕ ✕

Tangled in the Web

Writer—Why are you turning down my scenario?

Editor—Because you have failed to spin your yarn from the loom of thought.

✕ ✕

He Was Glad To See Her Back

Cobb—Did Miss Film lose her nerve at the opera?

Director—No, indeed; she showed up in a new gown, and I was surprised at the backbone that she displayed.

✕ ✕

Going Down

Tick—What makes you think that movie actor will never climb the ladder of success?

Tock—Because he refuses to remain on the level.

✕ ✕

Touchdown!

Wigg—Does that movie actor keep at a distance from his friends?

Wagg—Yes, after getting close enough to touch them once.

✕ ✕

The Joiners

Click—Where did the couple get married?

Movie fan—In the "joining room" of the church.

Who's Who and Where

Myrtle Stedman, starring in the Pallas feature, "The American Beauty," goes home tired and happy at the end of each day's work. She has her make-up on at eight-thirty each morning, and from then until sundown is busy. There is much double-exposure work in the picture. In one scene, with a dual role, she changed her attire eighteen times.



"I have just the same feelings, Miss Barriscale, as a little white girl, and it makes me unhappy not to have things other girls enjoy." Such was the plea in a letter to Bessie Barriscale, of the New York Motion Picture Company, from a little colored correspondent in Columbus, O. The little girl, telling of her love for the actress, inspired through constant worshiping of the Ince star by way of the screen, asked for Miss Barriscale's photograph. Needless to say, a photograph was sent her by return mail.



Sam Rock, manager of the Majestic Theater of Los Angeles, one of the big Triangle accounts on the coast, has introduced the English "Tea Hour" in his theater. Every afternoon, between the hours of four and five, his patrons are served with tea and biscuits. Serving tea at picture shows is new in this country. It is a common practice, however, in England, where many theaters are equipped with "tea balconies," alcoves and loges, where people may sip the beverage and look at the pictures at the same time.



The scenery in and around Sydney is unsurpassed for the filming of pictures. While in the United States many companies send their actors many hundreds of miles to secure the proper locations, a film company situated in this city need only work on a fifty-mile radius and would secure more different kinds of scenery than any American director has ever made. The climatic conditions are, if anything, better than those of California. The rainy season rarely, if ever, extends over more than a period of six weeks.



Clarke Irvine, a scenario writer, has constructed the smallest moving picture camera that has ever been made. The tiny camera measures only seven inches from tripod leg tips to the handle on top of the camera. The miniature machine slides easily into a box three inches in diameter, and it weighs only a quarter of

a pound. The little lens is but the size of a lead-pencil eraser, while the crank, which really turns, is made from a long, slender brass nail. The little finder is the size of a small bead, and the film speedometer has a miniature dial and hand that is only a quarter of an inch wide.



Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels has granted permission to the Paragon Film Corporation, allowing Gail Kane and a cast of supporting players to travel on board one of the Dreadnoughts during the spring maneuvers off Hampton Roads, Va. The picture being made is "Reparation," and the players will leave New York on board the warship and remain on board until the maneuvers are complete. In addition to staging scenes on deck, the company will be allowed to work on the deck of a torpedo-boat destroyer and in the interior of a submerged submarine. Gail Kane is busily engaged taking anti-seasick lessons on board the Staten Island Ferry.



Neva Gerber, leading woman of the B. & L. Film Company at San Mateo, has an unusual hobby. She likes reading law books and has a large library of them. Her father was a lawyer, and it is from him that she inherits the books and her legal trend of mind. Two ancestors, John Wentworth, first Crown Governor of New Hampshire, and William Youngs, once Governor of Kentucky, also turn her tendencies toward the code. "It's not that I ever expect to practice law," she says, "but it fascinates me. So much of it is clear reasoning and there are so many fine points in its details. Then, too, nowadays a woman needs to know as much about those things as men do."



One of the most practical uses to which the motion picture is applied in South America is the service at the Argentine Immigration Bureau in Buenos Ayres. In normal times that country receives 1,000 immigrants per day. These people are kept for a week at government expense at an immigrant hotel, and during their sojourn a series of motion pictures not only entertains but instructs the newcomers in the agricultural activities of the country, showing them glimpses of home life on the vast pampas where they are soon to be located, and otherwise imparting general information they should have. Another innovation he found was where a leading

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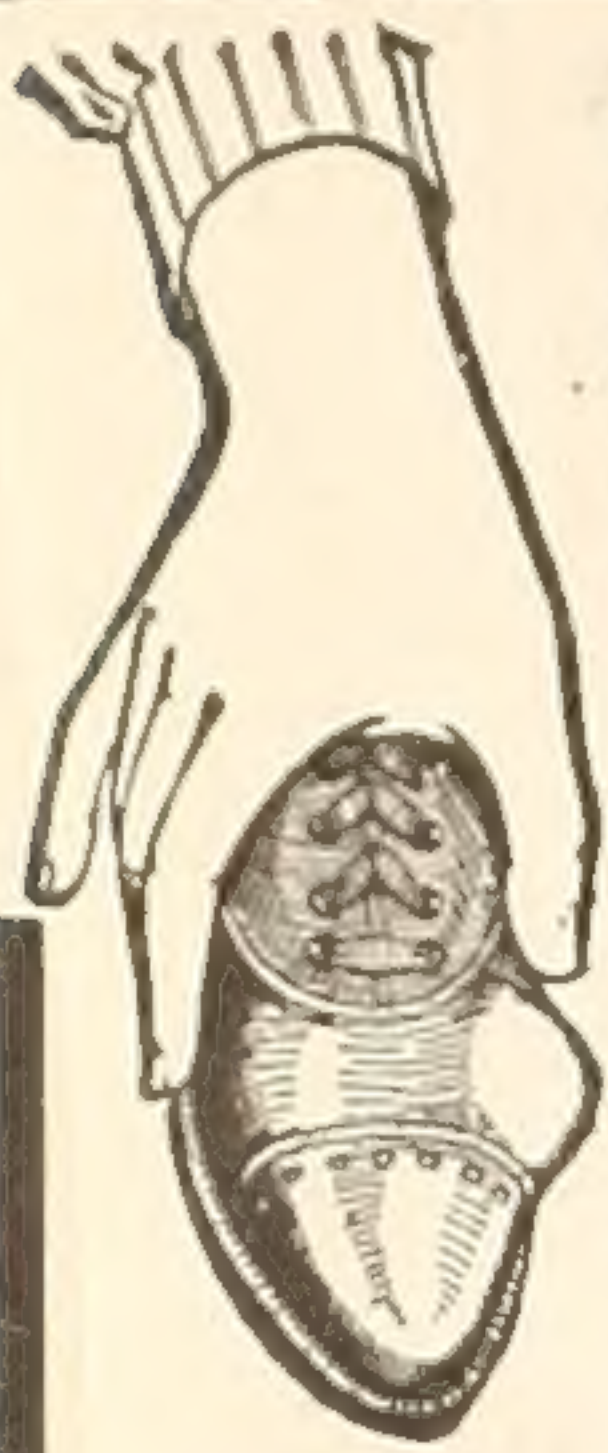
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church in the Argentine capital had installed a good moving picture outfit. It was operated at frequent intervals, showing mainly educational and religious subjects, and "judging by the immense gathering of children clamoring for admission, which was free, the innovation was popular, and the young minds were receiving lessons and uplift stories that were never forgotten."



Valentine Grant, who played the lead in "The Innocent Lie," written by Lois Zellner, has gone to Seattle, Wash., for a brief visit with her mother.



Miss Dorothy Phillips has been transferred from the Universal's Eastern to the Western studios, and the players of Universal Heights are going to miss Dorothy Phillips, for she is a general favorite.



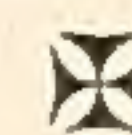
Virginia Norden, late of the Vitagraph's Eastern studio, has joined Balboa. She was specially engaged by the Horkheimer Brothers for dramatic work in a selection of stories being written for her. Miss Norden is statuesque, fine-featured and good to look at. Emotional roles are her particular delight.



The Kansas City *Star*, after doing away with its movie news several months ago, has added a weekly section of picture news. Floyd Scott, who formerly handled the *Star's* theatrical news, has taken charge of this department. Short criticisms of the new releases and news and feature stories of the plays and players make a very attractive section of the paper.



Johnny Sheehan, leading comedian of the American Company, looks with sympathy now on the assistant camera man, by whose work others benefit. "If anyone thinks the assistant camera man has a cinch, send him to me," Sheehan told a friend. In one of his pictures Sheehan takes the part of a camera man for the Associated Press, who was sent to Mexico to get pictures of the execution of Villa! "I lugged that camera so much," said Sheehan, "that I felt like a human tripod. I had a mule and a donkey to ride. That was a nice pair of Jacks to draw to, but I couldn't better them."

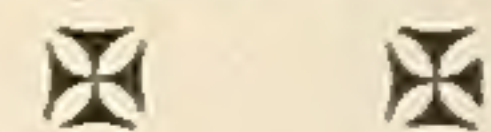


The United States shows an investment in the motion picture business of more than \$100,000,000. In volume of business it ranks fifth among industries. Assessed value of physical property, which

includes studios, is in excess of \$15,000,000. More than 75,000 persons are engaged in the work, and there are no less than 18,000 motion pictures, with total attendance of 6,000,000 persons per day. While the number of theaters is less than formerly, the volume of business is more, for the small store-show, seating perhaps 250 persons, has been supplanted by the neighborhood theater, with capacity of rarely less than 1,500.



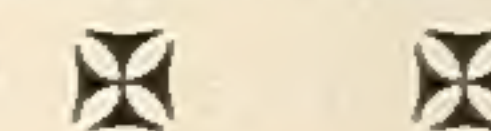
Hugo Munsterberg, the well-known psychologist, who first realized the advantages to be obtained by using the motion picture screen to forward the country-wide movement of having every man realize whether or not he was "a square peg in a round hole," is soon to utilize the same methods for the teaching of fundamentals in psychology in colleges. He will show his series of pictures, "Testing the Mind," which has been released through Paramount in the Paramount Pictographs, as one of its special departments, to the student body of Harvard University. The ultra motive behind this work on the screen that Mr. Munsterberg is doing is to "help men find themselves."



Some Frost!

"What was the lowest temperature you ever experienced?" Stanhope Wheatcroft, who is appearing in William Fox's photoplay, "Sins of Men," was asked.

"That, my boy, was when I was playing Shakespearean repertory parts in Florida, many years ago," he declared. "The box office opened at seven o'clock, and when we left at midnight, not a single person had appeared to buy a ticket. That's as cold a town as ever I was in."

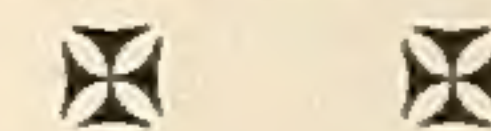


A Balboa Constrictor

In one scene there was a huge snake.

"I wonder if the picture company that made that film really owns a snake like that?" mused the girl.

"Of course," responded her young man, who knew it all. "That is a genuine Balboa constrictor."



During the picture of the "Bridge," Marjorie, aged four, sat in rapt attention. At the point in the picture where a striker is placing sticks of dynamite with a view to destroying the structure, Marjorie asked her mother, "What is he doing?" She was told that he was going to blow up the bridge. After thinking hard for a few minutes, she said in breathless amazement, "But will he have breath enough?"

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